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SAVAGE TALES

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DIRECT D.X. EXCHANGE

To the Editors:

I just wanted to thank you for the return of "5th to the 1st."

I've collected every issue and "5th to the 1st" is my favorite. I fear that you are planning to reduce this series even more. Please don't.

Davis Tullock
Louisville, Kentucky

We're sorry, but we have to cut down. But check *The 'NAM*. It's the same guys, Michael Golden and Doug Murray. *'NAM*. Monthly. In color!

Gentlemen,

I've purchased all of the SAVAGE TALES comics and I am looking forward to more. I've noticed that some of your letters to the editor mentioned a dislike for western comics. I want you to know that westerns are the reasons I buy SAVAGE TALES. The John Severin and Gray Morrow stories were excellent, especially "Raid," and "Mexican Standoff." The Severin stories remind me of the "Two-Fisted Tales" from back in the fifties. I have a lot of the old Atlas westerns with Severin's art in them also.

Anyway, keep up the great work and *keep* the westerns and I'll continue to buy SAVAGE TALES. Thanks a lot.

Richard Lundy
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Savage Tales,

I am a great fan of yours; each month I wait impatiently for your next copy of SAVAGE TALES. SAVAGE TALES is the best comic I read. All the violence, action, suspense, excitement, and all the gore is just what I like. *I will read **SAVAGE TALES** for as long as it's around!*

Your best fan,
Jason Padilla

Dear Tales,

I picked up issue #4 last month. It was my first edition, and it was great. I especially liked "5th to the 1st" . . . keep it up. Is there any way to get back issues?

Kris Holloway
Naples, Florida

P.S. Is there any way to get a subscription to The 'NAM, as advertised on the back of #5?

We don't have any back issues, so you'll have to comb the specialty stores.

For a *'NAM* sub, get the first

issue, and then get a subscription. It'll tell you how inside.

Dear Larry,

I have purchased all five issues of SAVAGE TALES and I think that you are doing a great job. But from the first moment I saw the latest issue I was disappointed.

Why must you continue to put the two Hell's Angels on the cover of your magazine? Is this the only way you can get people to pick it up? The cover on #5 was ridiculous. I think you should use something that hints at what the reader will find inside. How about a western?

John Washburn
Milpitas, California

Some people *hate westerns*, and some folks *just love those two gals to death*. We'll continue to have *both*. Read on.

Dear Larry and Crew,

Congratulations on the fifth issue of SAVAGE TALES: this is good old-fashioned blood-and-thunder military stuff—rich, bloody, and overwhelmingly fun.

I agree with Scott E. Zeiss's letter applauding you for straightforward and realistic war tales—"A Question of Honor," "The Stray," "History Lesson," and "Giselle" all stand out in this category for different reasons. Real history, even heavily dramatized, provides the richest source for military stories.

But I also favor the fantasy! "After the Holocaust" stuff mingled with "Street Warrior" themes and other fantasy motifs are a fun thing for blood-shedding daydreams.

In this regard, I most certainly appreciate the delectable cover art, with the two heavily-armed bimbos cutting their way through a wall of human flesh. In addition to these women's more obvious charms (I like the cami bikini), I would like to compliment the artist on his faces. Without a well-defined face, an otherwise voluptuous pin-up model becomes nothing more than a compilation of erogenous zones; Bob Camp's faces are sexier than many artists' pictures of entire bodies.

By any chance, do these two dangerous lovelies have names? Will we ever see illustrations of their adventures? I envision a slightly titillating series of frustrations in which they ever and again prove too deadly for their beaux, ending their adventures alone and unhappy, while still relieved to be alive. A silly premise . . . but a fun one. As mascots, these two California airheads (or is the dark-haired one from New York?) serve you well: they focus attention, and they're fun. At least please do continue with occasional covers, pin-ups, and filler art of the daring twain.

Thank you,
Jefferson P. Swycaffe
San Diego, California

The Savage Sisters will appear in future issues, both on the cover and in feature stories by William Johnson.

Dear Larry,

I recently noticed your magazine when browsing through my local comic book store. The fifth issue caught my eye, so I bought it. I regret to say, I thought it was going to be another war-and-bore magazine. It wasn't. I found it to be very well put-together and entertaining. "This Round's On Me" by John Arcudi and Vincent Waller was the best in the book. With talent like this, your magazine should do very well for years to come.

Thanks,
Dave Cannizzaro
Buffalo, NY

Savages:

I am writing to you about #4. Outstanding! Every issue has been great so far, but issue #4 was definitely the best.

I especially liked "'G'-Forces." "Blood and Gutz" was good too, but I think "Object Lesson" was my favorite.

I also like the historical stuff like "Courage Under Fire." How about the Franco-Prussian or the Seven Weeks War? I am a big fan of Von Moltke.

Well, that is all for now. Keep up the good work.

Tim Anderson
Houston, Texas

Savage Tales—

TALES #4 is wild! I think you should have more "5th to the 1st"! It's about time someone showed 'Nam without the fake glory. And, "'G' Forces" by O'Barr was really wild, too.

One thing, though, me and a lot of friends don't like the westerns too much, no offense, but I just don't think people are into that anymore. What we'd like to see is more Murray and Golden!

Ricky Miranda
New York City

P.S. In #4, in "5th to the 1st," is Captain Roger Young still narrating?

P.P.S. Where can I get an M-60 like the one on the cover of #1?

1.) More or less, yeah.
2.) You can't.

STORY: BOB KANIGHER ART: JOHN SEVERIN LETTERS: PHIL FELIX

DEATH IS A DUTCHMAN!

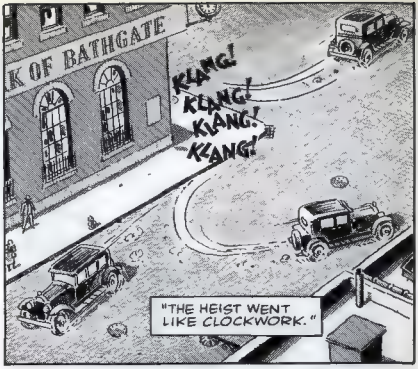
DAILY MIRROR
DUTCHMAN RUMORED BEHIND LATEST GANGLAND RUBOUT OF CONTI BROTHERS.
DID YOU SEE THAT, HESTER? JUST LIKE A COPS 'N' ROBBERS MOVIE.
A FINE PLACE TO BRING UP OUR BOYELE TO BE A DOCTOR, SAM. DON'T LOOK, JOEY.
AW, MOMMA. I DON' WANNA BE A DOCTOR. I WANNA BE A WRITER. HOW CAN I LEARN 'LESS I KEEP MY EYES OPEN?
JOEY. REMEMBER. FREE DELI FOR YOU. WITH EACH ORDER.
I REMEMBER, MR. LEVY.
OLE CLOES. I BUY OLE CLOES.
IT'S THE DUTCHMAN.
TO LET

READ 'EM AN' WEEP, SUCKERS.
ANOTHER SEVEN.
HORSESHOES.
HERE'S THE DELI SANDWICHES.
TAKE YOUR CHICK TO CONEY ISLAN', KID.
YOU'VE GOT SKIN LIKE A BABY'S BOTTOM, DUTCHMAN.
LET ME KNOW IF THE TOWEL'S TOO HOT.
THE HOTTER THE BETTER, GUS.
HOW'S BUSINESS?
IT'LL BE BETTER WHEN MY BOYS AN' ME MAKE A "WITH-DRAWAL" ON THE BANK ACROSS THE STREET. THURSDAY, AT NOON. WATCH THE SHOW.
SAY YOUR PRAYERS FOR RUBBIN' OUT MY BROTHERS, DUTCHMAN.
I DON'T PRAY, SUCKER--SAY YOURS.
BAM! BAM!
BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

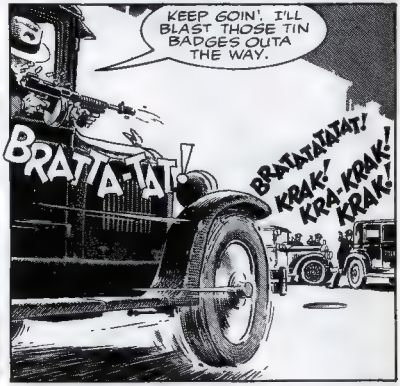
NEVER MIND THE SHAVE, GUS. YOUR HAND'S TOO SHAKY.
PUT THE DAMAGE ON MY BILL, GUS.
REMEMBER THE BANK. THURSDAY. NOON.
SURE, DUTCHMAN. SURE.
BANK OF
WHAT HAPPENED?
A STRANGER CAME IN FOR A SHAVE, SERGEANT. THIS TRIGGER CAME IN. STARTED BLASTIN' AT MY CUSTOMER. MY CUSTOMER NAILED HIM. TOOK OFF.
YEAH.
IT HAPPENED SO FAST.
WHAT'D YOUR CUSTOMER LOOK LIKE?
WHEN YOU'RE A BARBER, ONE FACE IS JUST LIKE ANOTHER, SERGEANT. OILY PORES. BLACK-HEADS TO BE SQUEEZED. A MESS.
YOU LOOK LIKE AN INTELLIGENT KID. LIKE NOTHIN' GETS PAST YOU. WHAT'D YOU SEE?
NOTHIN!

THURSDAY.
NOON. TO THE MINUTE.
HERE COMES THE DUTCHMAN AN' HIS TORPEDOES.
BATHGATE
THEY LOOK JUST LIKE MUSICIANS WITH THEIR FIDDLE CASES.
EMPTY YOUR TILLS IN THESE CASES. NO CHANGE.
B-B-B-BAM!
DON' BE DEAD HEROES FOR THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.
ENZO. HEAD WEST TO PARK. FOUR FINGERS. EAST TO FULTON. SOLDIER. SOUTH ON BATHGATE. SEE YOU AT NINE FOR THE SPLIT. AT DOMINICK'S.
BEST STEAKS IN THE BRONX.
GARLIC BREAD'S JUICIER'N ANY BROAD.
SO'S THE SHRIMP MARINARA.
KLANG-KLANG-KLANG-KLA

GUS'S
THE DUTCHMAN LOOKS LIKE DEATH.
KLANG! KLANG! KLANG!


K OF BATHGATE
KLANG! KLANG! KLANG! KLANG!
"THE HEIST WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK."

WE'LL BLOCK BOTH ENDS OF 174 TH STREET, AN' CATCH THE HOODS WITH THEIR HANDS STICKY WITH BANK DOUGH!
WHREEEEE


KEEP GOIN'. I'LL BLAST THOSE TIN BADGES OUTA THE WAY.
BRATTA-TAT!
BRATATATATAT! KRAK! KRA-KRAK! KRAK!

THOSE HOODS HAVE MONEY TO BURN NOW.
KRAAASH!

SOLDIER BOUGHT TIME FER US. WE'RE IN THE CLEAR. HEAD TO CLAREMONT AN' GO THROUGH THE PARK.

POW!
SKREEEE!
BRATATAT!
KRASH!
DSC
SHOEHORN THROUGH THE SPACE!
I'LL MAKE IT TOO HOT FER THE BULLS TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.
BRATTA-TATTA-TAT!
BRATTA-TATTA! POW,P.POW! POW!
LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER. THEY WANNA LIVE TO COLLECT THEIR PENSIONS.
THE HOODS'RE IN THE CLEAR!
POW!
POW!
BRATATATA
SLOW UP! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THE TURN ONTO PARK!

BLAAANNNG!
KRAAASH!
KA-THUMP!
I'M LUCKIER'N... LUCKY LUCIANO...
I GOT MORE LIVES... 'N' A CAT.

STEAKS AN' PASTA AT DOMINICK'S...

THEN BROADS AT ATLANTIC CITY. I GOT IT M--

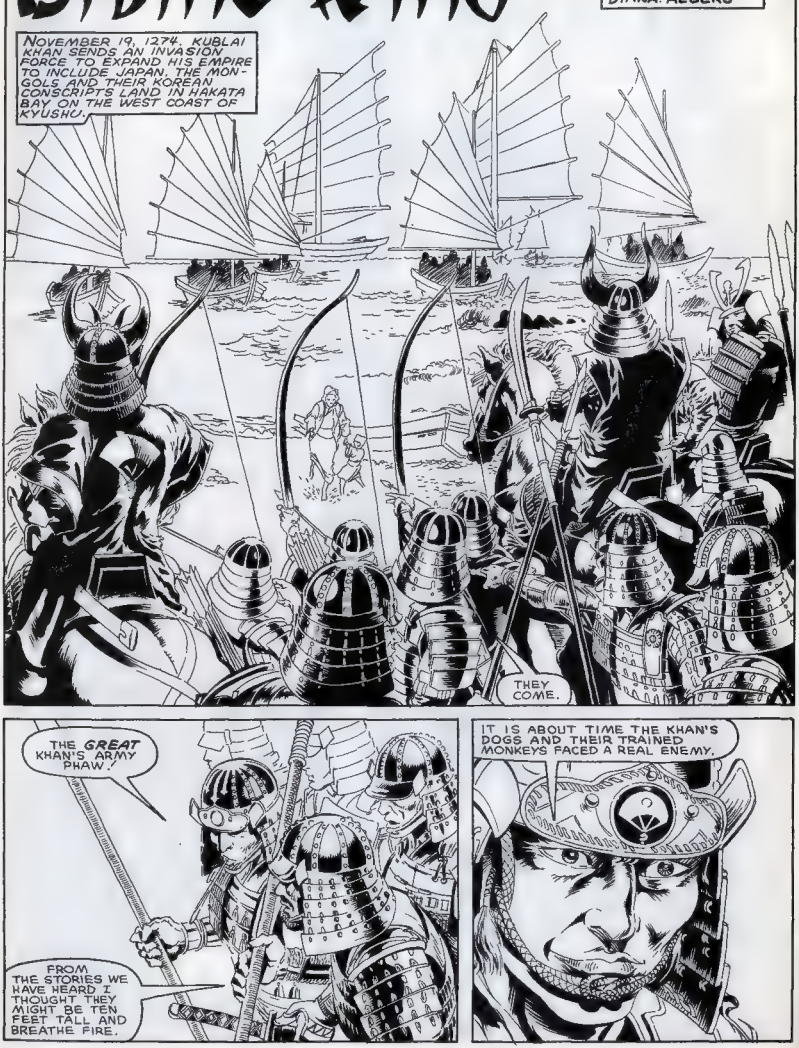
WHHHRRROOOO

SKREEEEEEEE!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME YOU SAW NOTHIN' OF THE HEIST AT THE BANK?
SERGEANT. WE'RE JUST BARBERS. ALL WE KNOW IS HAIR AN' FACES. IF WE DON'T CONCENTRATE ON WHAT WE'RE DOIN' SOME CUSTOMER'LL GET HIS THROAT CUT WITH A STRAIGHT RAZOR.
ZION NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
ZION NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
DELI SANDWICHES.
I'M STARVED.
A PAIR OF PASTEBOARDS, KID. FOR MY BOX AT THE YANKEE STADIUM.
AN' SOMETHIN' EXTRA. FOR HOT DOGS AN' SODA. YOU AIN'T A GIANT FAN, ARE YOU?
NO.
LOOKIT JOEY. SLEEPIN' LIKE AN ANGEL AFTER WORKIN' AT THE BARBERSHOP.
WONDER IF HE'S DREAMIN' OF BEIN' A WRITER. LIKE SHOLEM ALEICHEM?
BITE YOUR TONGUE. HE'S GONNA BE A DOCTOR.
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RU

THE Divine Wind

STORY
CHARLES DIXON
ART
WILLIAM JOHNSON
LETTERS
DIANA ALBERS


NOVEMBER 19, 1274. KUBLAI KHAN SENDS AN INVASION FORCE TO EXPAND HIS EMPIRE TO INCLUDE JAPAN. THE MONGOLS AND THEIR KOREAN CONSCRIPTS LAND IN HAKATA BAY ON THE WEST COAST OF KYUSHO.
THEY COME.
THE GREAT KHAN'S ARMY PHAW.
FROM THE STORIES WE HAVE HEARD I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE TEN FEET TALL AND BREATHE FIRE.
IT IS ABOUT TIME THE KHAN'S DOGS AND THEIR TRAINED MONKEYS FACED A REAL ENEMY.

AND SO THE MONGOL ARMY POURED FROM THE SHIPS TO BECOME THE FIRST FOREIGN INVADERS EVER TO SET FOOT ON JAPANESE SOIL...
"...AND UNITE FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE JAPANESE AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.
THEY THROW FIRE FROM THEIR SHIPS!
BACK TO THE DEFENSES MEN!
THE DOGS FIGHT LIKE WOMEN. THEY ARE AFRAID TO CLOSE WITH US.
2

THE FIREBALLS WILL NOT REACH US HERE.
DAMN! I HATE TO HIDE FROM THOSE BASTARDS!
COWARDS! THEY ARE COWARDS!
THEY DO NOT FIGHT AS MEN SHOULD. THEY DO NOT GO TO WAR AS WE DO.
YOU ARE RIGHT. THEY WOULD RATHER SIT IN THEIR BOATS AND THROW THINGS AT US.
LOOK! THEY LEAVE THEIR SHIPS.
THEY ARE GOING TO ATTACK IMAZU.
BUT WHY? THE BATTLEFIELD IS HERE! THERE ARE NO WARRIORS IN IMAZU.
THEY DO NOT WAGE WAR AS WE DO.
3

THEY KILL OLD WOMEN AND CHILDREN. THEY ARE *ANIMALS!* NOT MEN.
WAR IS BETWEEN FIGHTING MEN. WHY WON'T THEY *FIGHT?*
4

WEAPONS READY./ WEAPONS READY./ WE ATTACK SOON.
THE ENEMY IS LOW ON ARROWS. THEY HAVE USED THEM FOOLISHLY. IT WILL BE DARK SOON AND THE FIREBALLS WILL NOT FIND US.
IN THE DARKNESS WE CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO USE OUR SWORDS.
THERE ARE MANY TO BE AVENGED.
THEY BURN OUR TEMPLES.
THE GODS WILL MAKE THEM PAY FOR THAT. AND WE SHALL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF THEIR VENGEANCE.
5

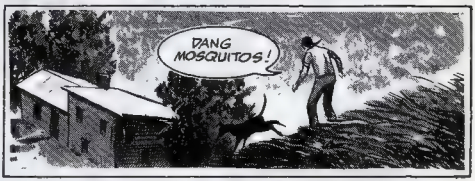
BY NIGHTFALL THE INVADERS TIRED OF PLUNDER AND RAPINE AND MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SHIPS.
THEY WAITED TOO LONG AND LET THEIR COLUMN STRING OUT IN THE DARK.
AND THE ENRAGED JAPANESE FELL UPON THEM LIKE WOLVES.
YAAAH! AGHK!
AAAAH!
RUN! RUN YOU BASTARDS!
IT IS NOT CHILDREN YOU FACE NOW!

THE GODS ARE ANGRY.
ANY WHO SAIL TONIGHT ARE DOOMED.
ANY WHO WOULD DESECRATE OUR TEMPLES ARE DOOMED... DOOMED BY THE GODS THEY WOULD MOCK.
AND SO IT WOULD SEEM TO BE TRUE. THE FURTHER THE SHIPS SAILED OUT TO SEA THE MORE VIOLENT THE SEA BECAME.
IT WAS AS THOUGH THE FLEET WAS POUNDED UNDER THE BLOWS OF A GARGANTUAN HAMMER.
7

THE NEXT MORNING ON HAKATA BAY...
THEY WERE MANY. WITH TERRIBLE WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION. BUT OUR MEN WERE BRAVE AND CHASED THEM INTO THE SEA WHERE THE GODS COULD DESTROY THEM.
AND THEY *WERE* DESTROYED... BY THE KAMIKAZE.
"... THE DIVINE WIND.
8

OF WAR AND PEACE - TALES BY MAS

THESE MOUNTAINS HAVE CRESTS, PEAKS AND TROUGHS... LIKE A SEA FROZEN IN TIME AND SPACE. "BEAUTY" AND I SPEND MANY A QUIET HOUR OVERLOOKING THIS "SEA".



THE P.T. BOAT WAS SOMETIMES CALLED A MOSQUITO BOAT. THIS WAS AN APT NAME... FOR THIS SWIFT AND DEADLY BOAT WAS OFTEN SHORT-LIVED.

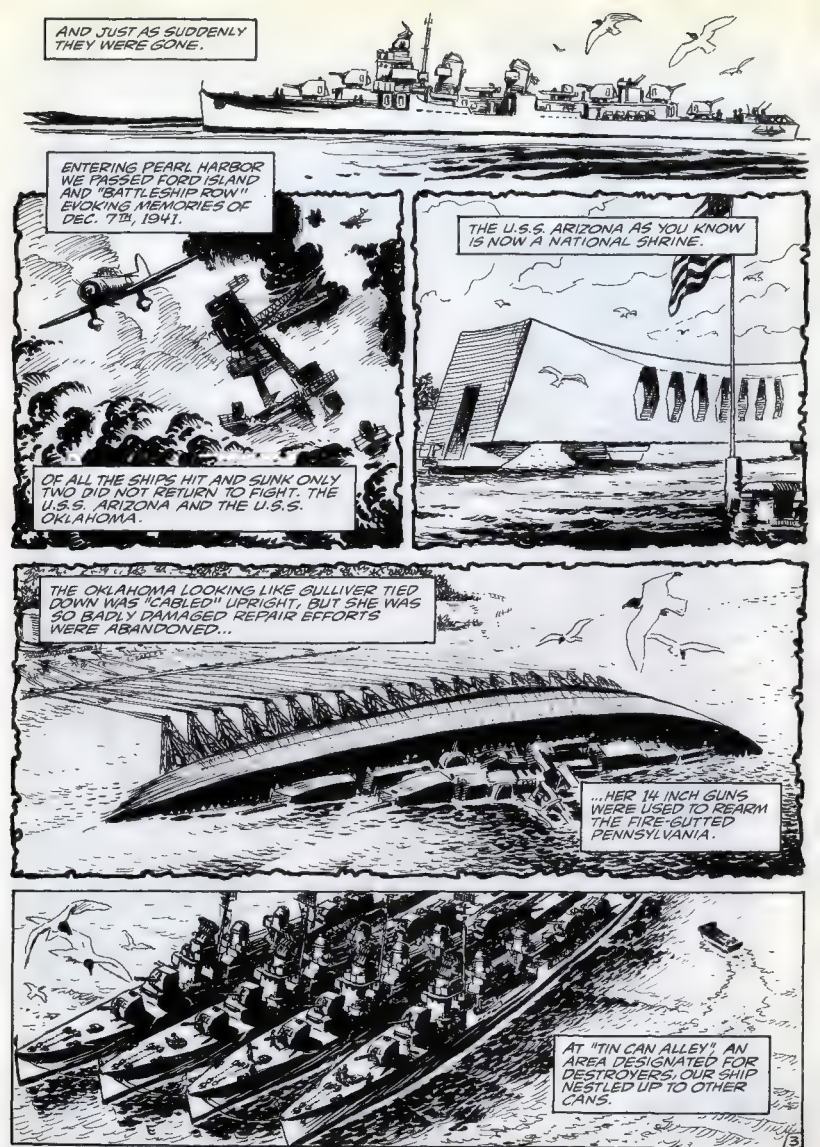
IN A GENTLEMANLY WAY

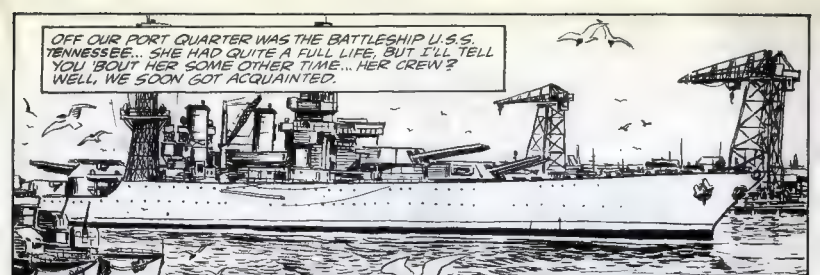
ART/STORY - SAM GLANZMAN

OPERATING FROM SMALL REMOTE ISLANDS, THEY WERE RARELY SEEN BY THE LARGER SHIPS OF THE FLEET.
SO SWIFT WERE THEY THAT THEY WERE "ON AN' GONE" BEFORE YOU EVEN HEARD THEIR POWERFUL ENGINES.

1

BECAUSE OF THIS THEY HAD A MYSTERIOUS WAY OF APPEARING SUDDENLY... AND WHEN FIRST SIGHTED, THEY SEEMED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION.
D.D.479 HAD LEFT THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD ENROUTE TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS EARLY IN '43. SHE HADN'T SEEN PACIFIC DUTY YET AND HALF HER OFFICERS AND CREW WERE "LANDLUBBERS".
SUDDENLY... LIKE ALIENS FROM ANOTHER PLANET, TWO P.T.'S "MATERIALIZED".
OF COURSE, G.Q. (GENERAL QUARTERS, BATTLE STATIONS) WASN'T SOUNDED... AN' THE OLD HANDS KNEW WE WEREN'T UNDER ATTACK.
BUT THE NEW CREW MEMBERS WENT BERSERK TRYING TO GET TO THEIR G.Q. STATIONS...
... RUNNIN' FORE AND AFT ON BOTH THE PORT AND STARBOARD SIDE OF THE SHIP... LIKE CHICKENS WITHOUT HEADS.
THE P.T.'S WERE FAST ON US, THROWING UP GIGANTIC ROOSTER TAILS IN THEIR WAKE.


AND JUST AS SUDDENLY THEY WERE GONE.
ENTERING PEARL HARBOR WE PASSED FORD ISLAND AND "BATTLESHIP ROW" EVOKING MEMORIES OF DEC. 7TH, 1941.
OF ALL THE SHIPS HIT AND SUNK ONLY TWO DID NOT RETURN TO FIGHT. THE U.S.S. ARIZONA AND THE U.S.S. OKLAHOMA.
THE U.S.S. ARIZONA AS YOU KNOW IS NOW A NATIONAL SHRINE.
THE OKLAHOMA LOOKING LIKE GULLIVER TIED DOWN WAS "CABLED" UPRIGHT, BUT SHE WAS SO BADLY DAMAGED REPAIR EFFORTS WERE ABANDONED...
...HER 14 INCH GUNS WERE USED TO REARM THE FIRE-GUTTED PENNSYLVANIA.
AT "TIN CAN ALLEY", AN AREA DESIGNATED FOR DESTROYERS, OUR SHIP NESTLED UP TO OTHER CANS.
3

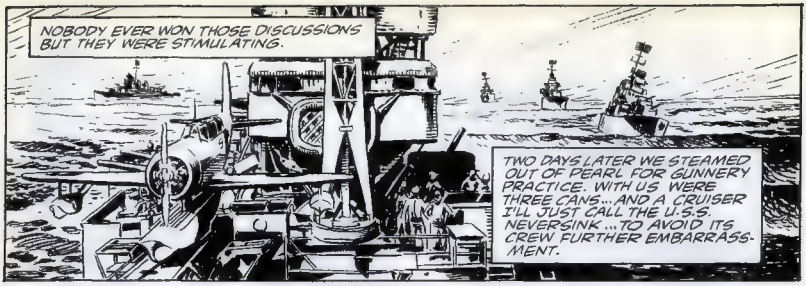

OFF OUR PORT QUARTER WAS THE BATTLESHIP U.S.S. TENNESSEE... SHE HAD QUITE A FULL LIFE, BUT I'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT HER SOME OTHER TIME... HER CREW? WELL, WE SOON GOT ACQUAINTED.
* SHOWN BEFORE SECOND REFITTING

IT WAS IN THE "HONOLULU CAFE" WHILE ON LIBERTY. UNFORTUNATELY WE BEGAN DISCUSSING OUR SHIPS.
AS YOU KNOW ALL SHIPBOARD SEAMEN THINK THEY HAVE THE BEST FIGHTING SHIP IN THE FLEET... AND WILL HAMMER THAT POINT HOME WITH A FIST.

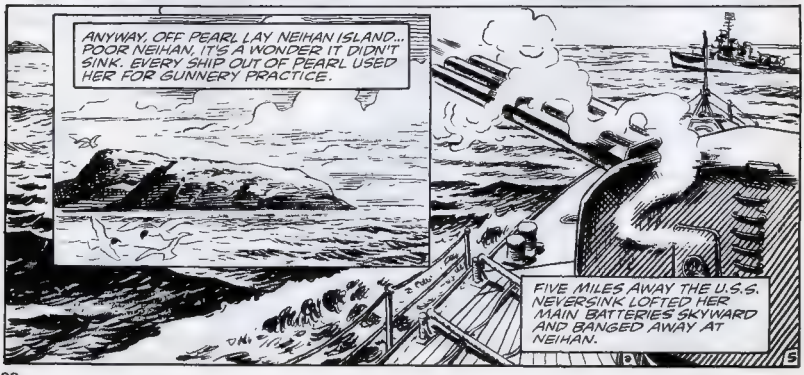
DURING THE "DISCUSSION" I WAS "INTRODUCED" TO A MEMBER OF THE TENNESSEE'S CREW...

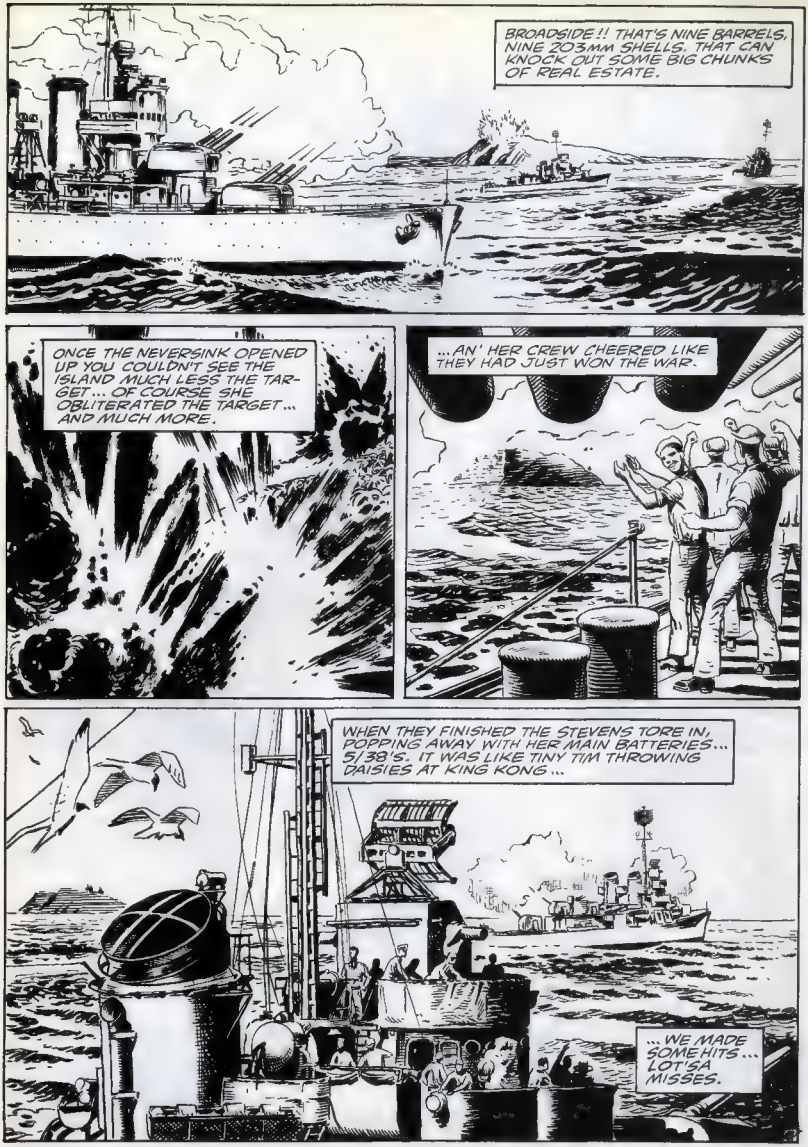
...AND ANOTHER.

CAN'T SAY AS I LIKED THE INTRODUCTION, SO I BEGAN TO INTRODUCE MYSELF (I WAS YOUNGER THEN AND MORE "OUTGOING").
4

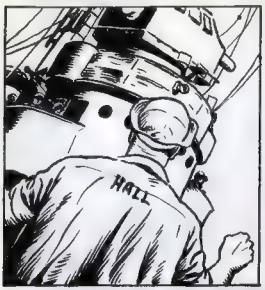

NOBODY EVER WON THOSE DISCUSSIONS BUT THEY WERE STIMULATING.
TWO DAYS LATER WE STEAMED OUT OF PEARL FOR GUNNERY PRACTICE. WITH US WERE THREE CANS... AND A CRUISER I'LL JUST CALL THE U.S.S. NEVERSINK ... TO AVOID ITS CREW FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT.

I OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT SHIPS' OFFICERS... WERE THEY PROUD... OF THEIR SHIPS ... DID THEY DISCUSS THEM ?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, PINKY ?
PAUL BERKMAN
NAH! I DON'T THINK SO. THEM OFFICERS ALL THEY DISCUSS IS HOW TO GET MORE GOLD BRAID, BIGGER SHIPS AN' EASIER DUTY.
COULD BE. I NEVER SAW THE SKIPPER SMILE... YOU KNOW, THAT SPECIAL **PROUD** SMILE A MAN HAS WHEN HE'S PROUD OF HIS SHIP AN' CREW.


ANYWAY, OFF PEARL LAY NEIHAN ISLAND.. POOR NEIHAN, IT'S A WONDER IT DIDN'T SINK. EVERY SHIP OUT OF PEARL USED HER FOR GUNNERY PRACTICE.
FIVE MILES AWAY THE U.S.S. NEVERSINK LOFTED HER MAIN BATTERIES SKYWARD AND BANGED AWAY AT NEIHAN.


BROADSIDE!! THAT'S NINE BARRELS, NINE 203MM SHELLS. THAT CAN KNOCK OUT SOME BIG CHUNKS OF REAL ESTATE.
ONCE THE NEVERSINK OPENED UP YOU COULDN'T SEE THE ISLAND MUCH LESS THE TARGET... OF COURSE SHE OBLITERATED THE TARGET... AND MUCH MORE.
...AN' HER CREW CHEERED LIKE THEY HAD JUST WON THE WAR.
WHEN THEY FINISHED THE STEVENS TORE IN, POPPING AWAY WITH HER MAIN BATTERIES... 5/38'S. IT WAS LIKE TINY TIM THROWING DAISIES AT KING KONG...
...WE MADE SOME HITS... LOT'SA MISSES.

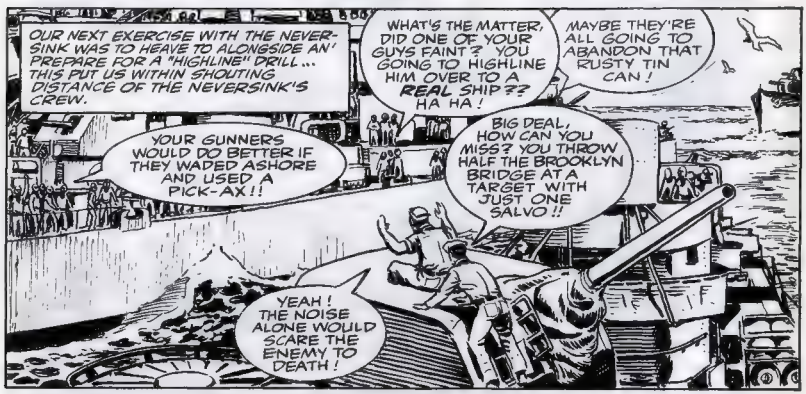
GM 1/C (GUNNER'S MATE 1ST CLASS) LARRY HALL, AN OLD "CHINA" HAND, WOULD HAVE BEEN IN A MOUNT BUT THE SKIPPER WANTED THE NEW HANDS TO GET IN SOME PRACTICE SO...



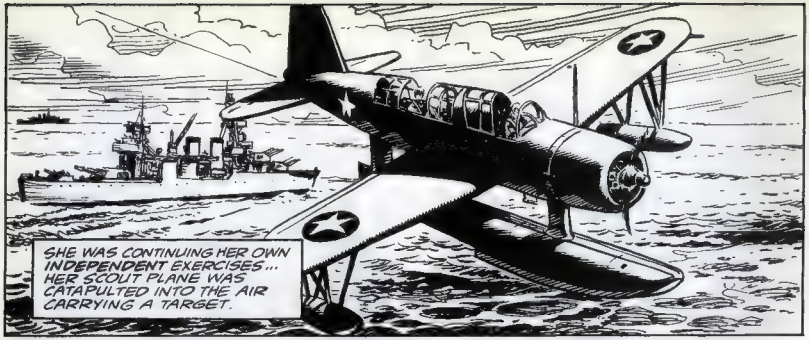
"NINETY DAY WONDERS" WERE IN THE DIRECTOR AND PLOT ROOM...

..."GREEN HANDS" WERE IN THE MOUNTS...

...AN' ALL GM/1C HALL COULD DO WAS WATCH...FRET...SPIT...AN' CUSS.

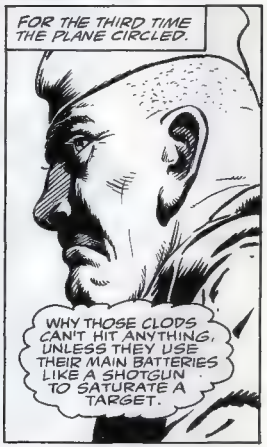

OUR NEXT EXERCISE WITH THE NEVERSINK WAS TO HEAVE TO ALONGSIDE AN' PREPARE FOR A "HIGHLINE" DRILL... THIS PUT US WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE OF THE NEVERSINK'S CREW.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DID ONE OF YOUR GUYS FAINT? YOU GOING TO HIGHLINE HIM OVER TO A REAL SHIP?? HA HA!
MAYBE THEY'RE ALL GOING TO ABANDON THAT RUSTY TIN CAN!
YOUR GUNNERS WOULD DO BETTER IF THEY WADED ASHORE AND USED A PICK-AX!!
BIG DEAL, HOW CAN YOU MISS? YOU THROW HALF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT A TARGET WITH JUST ONE SALVO!!
YEAH! THE NOISE ALONE WOULD SCARE THE ENEMY TO DEATH!

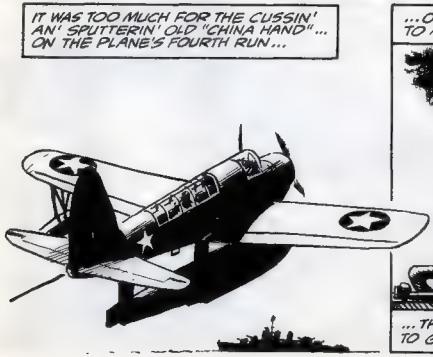
THE OFFICERS ON THE NEVERSINK WERE LOOKING DOWN ON OUR SKIPPER AN' SMILING... A SMUG SMILE...
...OUR SKIPPER WAS NOT SMILING.
THAT COMPLETED OUR EXERCISES WITH THE NEVERSINK. WE PULLED AWAY AND BEGAN A/S (ANTI-SUBMARINE) MANEUVERS WITH THE THREE CANS... WAY OFF OUR STERN I COULD SEE THE NEVERSINK.

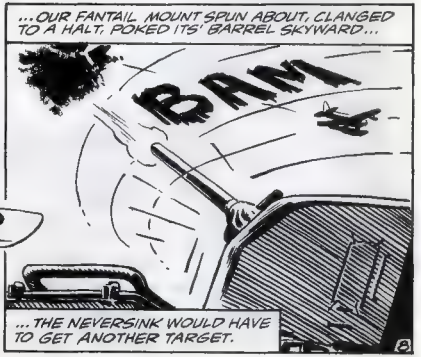

SHE WAS CONTINUING HER OWN INDEPENDENT EXERCISES... HER SCOUT PLANE WAS CATAPULTED INTO THE AIR CARRYING A TARGET.

THE NEVERSINK'S SECONDARY BATTERIES, EQUIVALENT TO OUR MAIN BATTERIES, OPENED UP. MISSING WITH ALL MOUNTS.
WELL FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! THAT TARGETS RIGHT OVER THEIR HEADS!

THE PLANE REELED FOR ANOTHER PASS.
MISSED AGAIN ?? AN' WITH ALL EIGHT MOUNTS FIRIN' !


FOR THE THIRD TIME THE PLANE CIRCLED.
WHY THOSE CLODS CAN'T HIT ANYTHING, UNLESS THEY USE THEIR MAIN BATTERIES LIKE A SHOTGUN TO SATURATE A TARGET.


IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE CUSSIN' AN' SPUTTERIN' OLD "CHINA HAND"... ON THE PLANE'S FOURTH RUN...


...OUR FANTAIL MOUNT SPUN ABOUT, CLANGED TO A HALT, POKED ITS' BARREL SKYWARD...
BAM
...THE NEVERSINK WOULD HAVE TO GET ANOTHER TARGET.

IT SEEMED THE WHOLE WORLD FROZE FOR A FEW SECONDS... THEN THE OLD "CHINA HAND" STUCK HIS HEAD OUT.
YAHOO!
CRIPES, HALL, WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE IN ON THAT DRILL. THE SKIPPER WILL KILL YOU.
THE SKIPPER'S VOICE SCREAMED OVER THE P.A.
GUNNERY OFFICER GET THAT G#%*!?! IDIOT UP HERE ON THE DOUBLE!
THE NEVERSINK'S CARRYING THE FLAG*, HALL REALLY PUT THE SKIPPER IN HOT WATER.
YEAH, YOU DON'T BUTT IN ON ANOTHER SHIP'S EXERCISE... 'SPECIALLY A FLAG SHIP.
* NAVY SLANG FOR A HIGH-RANKING OFFICER COMMANDING A GROUP OF SHIPS. -- ED.
...IN THIS CASE IT WAS A COMMODORE ...EQUAL TO A BRIGADIER GENERAL IN THE ARMY.
AN' IF YOU THINK HALL'S GONNA GET IT... IMAGINE THE REAMIN' THE FLAG'S GOING TO GIVE THE SKIPPER.
THAT PUT A DEFINITE END TO THE EXERCISES... WE HEADED FOR PORT.
HALL REPORTED TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS. WHAT WAS SAID WAS ...TOO DASTARDLY TO REPEAT, AN' I WON'T EVEN TOUCH ON WHAT THE COMMODORE HAD TO SAY TO THE SKIPPER LATER.
IN PORT, LIBERTY PARTIES FROM THE STEVENS WERE FERRIED TO THE MAINLAND BY LCM'S.

LATER THAT EVENING I SAW THE SKIPPER TURN INTO THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN. HE HAD A GRIN ON HIS FACE... STRANGE... ESPECIALLY SINCE HE HAD JUST BEEN RAKED OVER THE COALS BY THE COMMODORE.
BUT THAT GRIN... IT WAS A SMILE, THAT SPECIAL SMILE A MAN HAS WHEN HE'S PROUD OF HIS SHIP. **HIS** SHIP, A DESTROYER, HAD "OUTGUNNED" A CRUISER... THE U.S.S. NEVERSINK.
I GUESS OFFICERS DO DISCUSS THEIR SHIPS. I COULD JUST IMAGINE OUR SKIPPER DISCUSSING **HIS** SHIP WITH THE OFFICERS FROM OTHER SHIPS... IN A GENTLEMANLY WAY... OF COURSE.
AT THE HONOLULU CAFE...
...OUR "DISCUSSION" WAS ALREADY UNDER WAY.
10

A GAME OF CAT AND RAT
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU WAS JUST IN JAIL, SAIZO! WHAT A SWEET DEAL THIS BAIL BUSINESS IS!
IT'S EVEN SWEETER WHEN YOU CAN GET A BONDSMAN TO PICK UP THE TAB!
LISTEN, RAY, I DON'T LIKE TYING THESE BANK TELLERS TO THE BUMPER.
N.Y.P.D.
4TH
by JOHN ARCUDI & VINCENT WALLER
THEY ATTRACT ATTENTION!
SO WHAT, AFTER ALL...
RATA TATA
RATA TATATATA TATA
CLEAN GETAWAYS CAN BE PRETTY BORING.

HA HA HA, YOU HAVE A POINT THERE, RAY.
SOME FUN, EH, KID?
Y-Y-YEAH, YOU B-B-BET
HEY, CHECK OUT OUR NEW ESCORT!
NO, NOT BANE. NOT NOW! FELIX, GET US OUT OF HERE.
SURE THING, BOSS!
YUTS! SHE'S JAMMED!
I CAN'T GET TO THE GUN! RAY, KILL HIM!
HE'S PULLIN' UP TOO FAST!
BOOM
JOSEPH'S
AUTO SALVAGE

CRASH
HE'S ALL YOURS, GECKO. KILL HIM BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE CAR!
ALL MINE!
HEY WAITTA MINIT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOAD THIS THING!
BOOM

THE KID'S HAD IT!
GO AHEAD. I'LL COVER THE REAR.
THAT GOON'LL NEVER GET PAST ME!
WELL, I CAN ALWAYS GO THROUGH YOU!
NOT THAT I WANT TO. IT'S YOUR BOSS I'M AFTER, NOT YOU. IF YOU PROMISE TO BE A GOOD BOY, I'LL LET YOU GO, HOW'S THAT?
I-IT'S A DEAL!
GOOD MOVE.
SUCKER.
DADDY, LOOK OUT!
BOOM

I THINK YOU SHOULD GET BACK TO THE BIKE.!
OKAY.!
YOU DISTRACT HIM WHILE I CIRCLE AROUND.
RIGHT THIS WAY, YOU BIG DUMB OX.!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BOOM CHUK BOOM
HEADS UP.!
BLAM
BOOM

THAT ONE MADE SIX, BIG MAN. YOU OUTTA AMMO.'
BUT NOT WEAPONS!
ENOUGH SMALL GAME, BONDSMAN. NOW DEAL WITH ME!
ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED YOUR FACE, SAIZO.'

NOW I CAN BASH IT IN!
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
YOUR ARSENAL IS WHAT MAKES YOU SO FEARSOME. I SEE THAT NOW.
IN A MAN TO MAN FIGHT, YOU ARE NOTHING!

RAK
TELL ME ONE THING, SAIZO. IF I'M NOTHING...
WAP!
WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU?
THAT IS A QUESTION BEST ANSWERED NOT WITH WORDS...
RAKK
BUT WITH ACTIONS.
I FEEL NO LESS A MAN FOR HAVING WON, BONDSMAN!
WHAT HAPPENED TO FIGHTING IT OUT MAN-TO-MAN?

FREEZE, FATSO!
STUPID CHILD. EVEN IF YOU COULD FIRE THAT WEAPON, IT IS NOT LOADED. PERHAPS I SHALL KILL YOU FIRST.
SHUK!
SHIK
CHUK
DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE HER FIRE IT?
'til next time...

AUBAGNE, FRANCE IS THE HOME FOR THE FIGHTING FORCE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION. ON THE GROUNDS THERE STANDS A CRYPT ON THE WALLS OF WHICH ARE INSCRIBED THE NAMES OF THE FALLEN. HERE THE NEW RECRUITS ARE TOLD OF THE LEGACY OF LE LEGION; BUT MOSTLY THEY ARE TOLD OF...

CAMERONE!

CHUCK DIXON
WRITER

RON WAGNER
ARTIST

PHIL FELIX
LETTERER

WAGNER

LISTEN UP, YOU MISERABLE WRETCHES. IT'S MY DUTY TO TELL YOU SORRY LOT OF THE BATTLE OF CAMERONE. IT HAPPENED ON APRIL 30TH, 1863, THE MOST GLORIOUS DAY IN THE HISTORY OF LE LEGION.

THE LEGION WAS SENT TO MEXICO TO PROP UP NAPOLEON'S BROTHER MAXIMILIAN WHO WAS TO RULE MEXICO AS AN EMPEROR. THE POLITICS DIDN'T MATTER TO THE LEGIONNAIRES. THEY NEVER DO.

"THE THIRD OF THE FIRST, THEIR NUMBER DOWN TO A MERE SIXTY-TWO BECAUSE OF FEVER, WAS TO SCOUT AHEAD FOR A GOLD SHIPMENT HEADING FOR VERA CRUZ."

HALTE!

SERGEANT! HAVE THE MEN BREAK FOR COFFEE.
OUI, MON CAPITAN.
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE AWAY FROM THE PAY MASTERS DESK, MON CAPITAN?
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, LEON, TOO LONG AWAY FROM THE FIELD. BUT I FEEL AS THOUGH WE ARE BEING WATCHED. PROBABLY NERVES.
PROBABLY NOT. THE JUARISTAS WATCH US NIGHT AND DAY.
AT LAST, A BREAK! I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE!
THAT'S THE LOT OF A LEGIONNAIRE; TO DIE.
BUT MARCHING WON'T KILL YOU OR I'D BE A DEAD MAN FOR SURE. I'VE CARRIED A PACK ALL OVER ALGERIA AND THE CRIMEA.
SO NOW WE ARE IN MEXICO.
AND DOES EVEN ONE OF US KNOW WHY?
WELL, OLD MAX NEEDS THE LEGION TO TAKE HIS LOOT DOWN TO THE COAST. AND JUAREZ AND HIS BOYS WILL DO THEIR BLOODY BEST TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T MAKE IT.
IT BEATS BEING A SHOEMAKER!
AUX ARMES! L'ENNEMI!
THE JUARISTAS! THEY ARE ON HORSEBACK! SEVERAL HUNDRED!

VIVA JUAREZ!
A SQUARE! FORM A SQUARE! IF WE BREAK THIS CHARGE WE CAN PULL BACK IN ORDER!
ON MY ORDER THE FIRST RANK WILL FIRE IN VOLLEY!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY MEN ON HORSEBACK!
NOT TO WORRY. THOSE MEX'S ARE GOOD BUT NO ONE'S EVER BROKEN A LEGION SQUARE.
KRAK!
EN VOLLE! FEU!
POW!
KRAK!
K-K-KRAK!

THEY REGROUP?
OUI, WE WILL PULL BACK TO THE VILLAGE WE MARCHED THROUGH A MILE BACK.
POW
YOU MEAN CAMERONE?
KRAK!
OUI, THAT WAS THE NAME.
KEEP TO THE BRUSH! THEY WON'T BRING THEIR HORSES INTO THESE CACTUS AND BRAMBLES.
KRAAK!
KRAAK!
WHERE ARE WE GOING? ARE WE RETREATING?
DON'T BE AN IMBECILE! WE'RE JUST MOVING TO A BETTER POSITION!
THUD
KKRAK!
UNH!
COME ON, BOY! DON'T STOP TO GAWK!
OUR SHORT CUT THROUGH THE BUSH HAS GOTTEN US HERE BEFORE THE CAVALRY. NOW WE MUST HURRY TO COVER BEFORE THEY REALIZE OUR DESTINATION!

C'MON, BOY! YOU'LL BE RIDING ONE OF THOSE LANCES IF YOU DON'T HURRY!
YES!
BARRICADE THE GATE! I WANT A RIFLE AT EVERY PORTAL!
MON CAPITAN! THERE IS NO WATER. THE WELL IS DRY.
THEN WE WILL DRINK WINE!
LOOK! THEY GROUP FOR A CHARGE! THEY HAVE BEEN JOINED BY MORE CAVALRY!
MORZYCKI!
YOU'LL BE SHOT UP THERE YOU STUPID POLACK!
VIIIP!
THUD!
VIIIP!
THUD!
THUD!
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD, YOU DUMB DUTCHMAN? WE ALL DIE TODAY!
DON'T WASTE A BULLET! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!
KRAK!
POW!
KRAK!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY WISH TO PARLEY.
BUENOS DIAS FROM MY COMMANDER, COLONEL FRANCISCO DaPAULA MILAN.
THE COLONEL WISHES TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR BRAVERY AND REQUEST THAT YOU SURRENDER NOW.
WELL, YOU MAY TELL THE COLONEL THAT WE ARE OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, AND THE LEGION NEVER SURRENDERS.
YOU TELL HIM THAT! TELL HIM HE'D BEST SURRENDER TO US!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!
A SIP OF BOURDEAUX FOR EACH OF YOU. DO YOU MEN SWEAR TO FIGHT TO THE LAST? TO DIE BEFORE SURRENDER? THE HONOR OF FRANCE AND THE LEGION RELIES ON YOU.
OUI, MON CAPITAN.
JA, MEIN KAPITAN.
I SWEAR
THEY HAVE BEEN JOINED BY INFANTRY! AT LEAST A THOUSAND REGULARS ON FOOT!

KRAK!
POW!
VIVA JUAREZ!
BLAM!
WE CAN NOT HOLD THIS WALL FOR LONG. I WOULD GIVE MY RIGHT HAND FOR A CANNON!
VII!P!
KRAK!
BOO
VII!P!
PULL BACK! TAKE COVER IN THE BARN! WE WILL MAKE OUR STAND THERE!
POW!
TO THE LAST, MON CAPITAN.
VILAIN ... FIGHT TO THE... LAST MAN...
KRAK!
KRAK!
VIVA JUAREZ!

VIVA LE LEGION!
KRAK!
KRAK!
KRAK!
THE LIEUTENANT IS HIT!
POLACK! HOW MANY HAVE BREACHED THE WALLS?
MORZYCKI IS DEAD.
THEY'VE STOPPED
ONLY TO REGROUP AND RELOAD.
LEGIONNNAIRES! ONCE AGAIN MY COLONEL IN HIS MERCY, ASKS YOU TO SURRENDER!
GO TO HELL!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU! BOYS BUT I'M TIRED OF SITTING AROUND THIS LATRINE! I SAY WE GIVE THESE BEANEATERS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!

VIVA LE LEGION.!
VIVA L'EMPEREUR!
BLAM!
KRAK!
POW!
KRAK!
POW!
AAAAAAGH!
BLAM!
HALT.! HALT.! THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH SLAUGHTER TODAY!
MAKE WAY FOR COLONEL MILAN.!

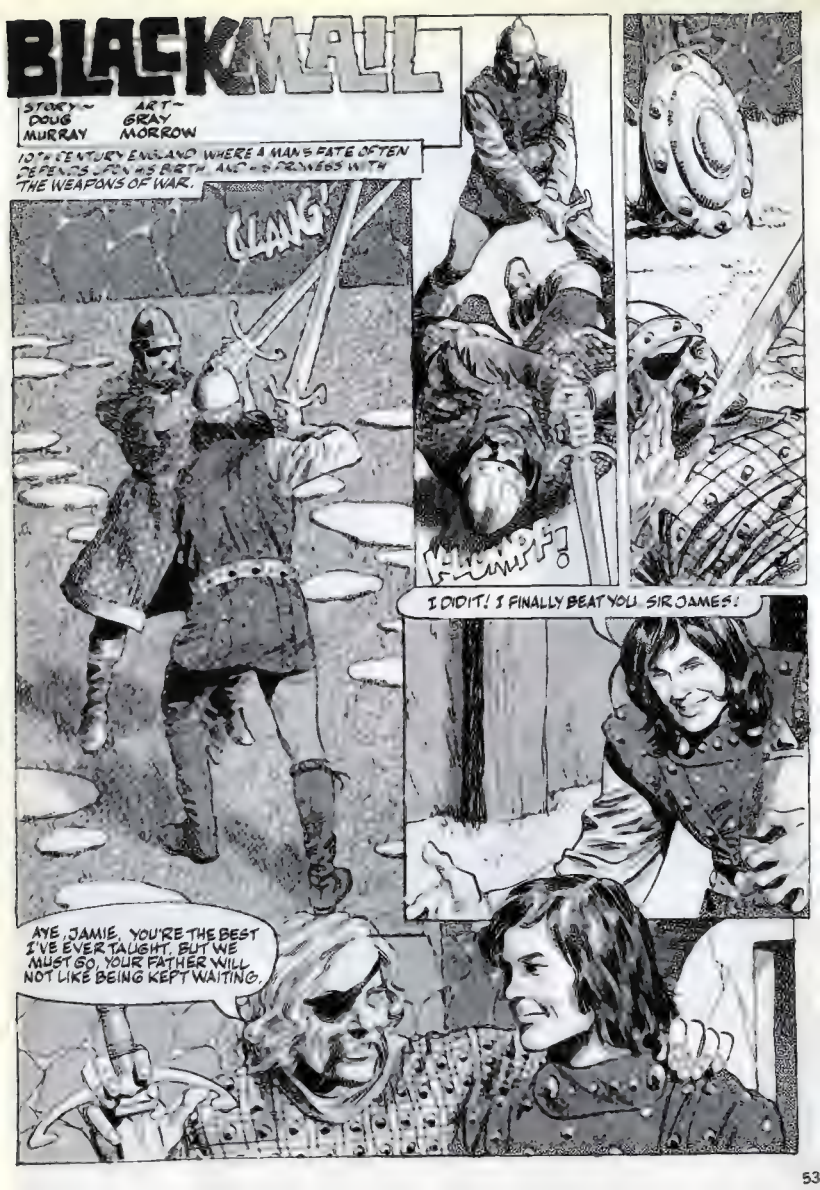
YOU MEN HAVE OBEYED THE ORDERS OF YOUR COMMANDER. IT WOULD BE FOOLISHNESS, NOT BRAVERY, TO CONTINUE TO FIGHT NOW.

SURRENDER AND ALLOW US TO TREAT YOUR WOUNDED.
AND WHO WILL REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY? THEY WILL REMEMBER ONLY THAT WE SURRENDERED.

THEY WILL REMEMBER THAT HALF A HUNDRED MEN HELD OFF TWO THOUSAND. THERE WILL BE TOO MANY WIDOWS IN MEXICO TONIGHT TO EVER FORGET THAT.

AND, OF THOSE MEN WHO SURRENDERED, ONLY THREE SURVIVED THEIR WOUNDS.
IT'S MY DUTY TO TELL YOU THE TALE OF CAMERONE, BUT I PRAY THAT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR OATH TO THE LEGION, REMEMBER THE MEN OF THE THIRD OF THE FIRST, AND THE OATH THEY TOOK THAT DAY IN MEXICO.


BLACKMAIL
STORY ~ DOUG MURRAY
ART ~ GRAY MORROW
10TH CENTURY ENGLAND WHERE A MAN'S FATE OFTEN DEPENDS ON HIS BIRTH AND PROWESS WITH THE WEAPONS OF WAR.
KLANG
I DID IT! I FINALLY BEAT YOU SIR JAMES!
AYE, JAMIE, YOU'RE THE BEST I'VE EVER TAUGHT, BUT WE MUST GO, YOUR FATHER WILL NOT LIKE BEING KEPT WAITING.

I'M SORRY, JAMIE, BUT THIS IS HOW IT MUST BE.
THIS IS BUT A POOR HOLD AND YOUR BROTHER HAS THE RIGHTS OF THE FIRST-BORN. IT WILL BE HIS.
AND WHAT OF ME, FATHER?
I WILL GIVE YOU WHAT I CAN: A GOOD CHARGER, SOME ARMOUR AND WEAPONS. THE REST IS UP TO YOU.
YOUR FATHER DIDN'T WANT THIS, JAMIE, BUT HE'S RIGHT. YOU MUST MAKE YOUR OWN WAY, AND YOU HAVE THE POWER TO DO IT.
SO YOUNG JAMIE OF CALBREADTH WAS OFF TO MAKE HIS MARK ON THE WORLD.

YOUNG JAMIE HAS BEEN TRAINED WELL, AND FINDS A CERTAIN SATISFACTION IN BESTING OTHERS IN THE LISTS.
BUT WHILE JAMIE CAN BEST OTHER KNIGHTS, BEING ALONE WITHOUT A SQUIRE IS ALLOWING THE ELEMENTS TO BEST HIM.
RUST. THIS CALLS FOR PAING."
/"ENAMELING
BUT THERE ARE WAYS TO BEAT THE ELEMENTS -- EVEN IF THEY ARE NOT TRADITIONAL.
AND FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD.
B.

FOR JAMIE, THIS IS THE BIGGEST CONTEST OF HIS LIFE, FOR HERE HE CAN BEGIN TO MAKE HIS WAY... OR... LOSE HIS LIVELIHOOD COMPLETELY.
AFTER HIS FIRST WIN, THE REFEREE RIDES TO HIM AND PRESENTS THE LOSER'S HORSE, THE CUSTOM OF THE TOURNEY.
HERE, SIR KNIGHT -- THE SPOILS OF YOUR VICTORY.
TOURNEY OVER, JAMIE HEADS FOR SOME EARNED REST IN A SOFT BED WITH A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD.
FOUR WINS, FOUR HORSES. NOW FOR A FOUR COURSE MEAL AND A FOUR POSTER.
HERE'S YOUR GOLD FOR MY HORSE, SIR JAMES, THOUGH THE THOUGHT OF PAYING BLACK MAIL GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN.
SO YOUNG SIR JAMES LEARNS THAT HE CAN MAKE HIS WAY IN THE WORLD THROUGH HIS SKILL WITH ARMS, EVEN IF NOT QUITE IN THE WAY OLD SIR JAMES HAD EXPECTED.
END 4.

TIGER! TIGER! BURNING BRIGHT
IN THE FOREST OF THE NIGHT,
WHAT IMMORTAL HAND OR EYE
COULD FRAME THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY?
ВБАЖЕСКИЙ ОРОПЕТАНКОВЫЕ ЧАСТИ У 500 МЕТРОВ...
...ПАПИ!!
BLAU!
BAM!
IN WHAT DISTANT DEEPS OR SKIES
BURNT THE FIRE OF THINE EYES?
OH, WHAT WINGS DARE HE ASPIRE?
WHAT THE HAND DARE SEIZE THE FIRE?
ВБИСТРО! ОТСТАВАЙТЕ ПО 75 МЕТРОВ!
ПАПИ!
BLAU!
BAM!
KER-BLAM!
AND WHAT SHOULDER, AND WHAT ART
COULD TWIST THE SINEWS OF THY HEART?
AND WHEN THY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT,
WHAT DREAD HAND? AND WHAT DREAD FEET?
WHAM!

by WAYNE VANSANT

TIGER! TIGER!

RUSSIA. JULY, 1943. TANKS AND INFANTRY OF THE SS TOTENKOPH (DEATH'S HEAD) DIVISION ATTACK TOWARD THE PSYOL RIVER IN AN ATTEMPT TO CUT OFF THE KURSK SALIENT...

DAS IST SCHRECKLISH! THE POOR DOGS WERE BLOWN TO BITS!

GROBARTIG! THEY DESERVE ALL WE CAN GIVE THEM!

THEY ARE HUMAN, OBERLEUTNANT, EVEN IF THEY ARE BOLSHEVIKS.

BORSIG, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOUR COMPASSION WON'T BE SO MISDIRECTED

OBERLEUTNANT MURRHAROT, YOU HAVE A RADIO MESSAGE FROM BATALLIONSSTAB.

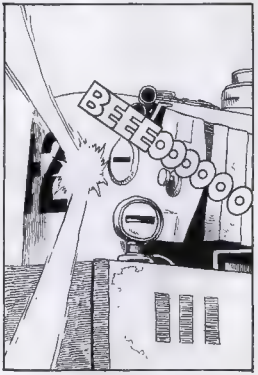
A COMPANY OF OUR INFANTRY IS PINNED DOWN IN A BUNKER COMPLEX NORTHEAST OF YOUR POSITION. GIVE THEM WHAT SUPPORT YOU CAN.

JAWOHL, MEIN OBERSTURMFUHRER.

NEARBY, ON A SERIES OF LOW FORTIFIED HILLS...
THERE IS ONLY ONE BUNKER LEFT, AND JUST ONE TRENCH HELD, BUT THEY ARE SITUATED IN A WAY THAT HAS MADE EVERY EFFORT TO TAKE THEM VERY COSTLY.
GET YOUR MEN READY. THEY WILL FOLLOW OUR ADVANCE.

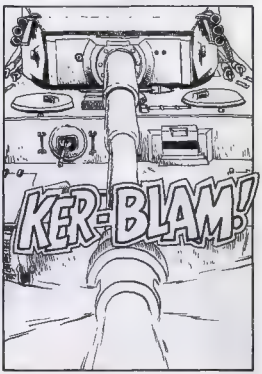
ОНИ ВОЗВРАЩАЮТСЯ, СЕРЖАНТ. НА ЭТОТ РАЗ С БРОНЕТАНКОВЫМ ПОДДЕРЖКОЙ.
ПРИМЕНИТЕ БРОНИРОВАННУЮ ВИНТОВКУ.

BLANG!


BEEEEEEEEE

MEIN GOTT! MY EARS ARE RINGING!
BORSIG. PUT IN A ROUND OF WHITE PHOSPHOROUS...

...WE'LL FRY THE PIGS.
SKS 42


KER-BLAM!

KRAK!
THAT'S IT, IVAN, BURN!
AAAHHHGGG!
WE'LL WIPE OUT THIS PESTILENCE IN RECORD TIME.
BUT THE RUSSIANS HAD NO INTENTIONS OF JUST WAITING FOR DEATH...
АТАКОВАТЕ, ТОВАРИЩИ! ЧНИЧТОЖИТЕ ИХ... РАНШЕ ТОТ САЕЯЮТ КОНАМ!
TAK-TAK-TAK-TAK
GERLICH! USE THE BOW GUN ON THEIR INFANTRY...
RIDDEL! TURN OUR 88 ON THAT MACHINE GUN!
142
BRRRRRP!
BRRRRRP!
BRRRRRP!
BRRRRRP!

BRATATATAT
BRATATATAT
JUST ONE LEFT, BORSIG.
142
BUT I'M AFRAID THAT OUR ESCORT IS FINISHED.
HE HAS A RPG GRENADE, OBERLEUTNANT. OUR BOW GUN IS JAMMED, AND HE'S TOO CLOSE FOR THE CO-AXIAL GUN!
THEN RUN HIM DOWN!
MMMMNNNGGGG!
WHAT'S THAT APPROACHING FROM THE NORTH?
RUSSIAN TANKS, BORSIG, GET READY WITH THE ARMOR-PIERCING SHELLS!

THE FAMED T-34, GENERAL HEINZ GUDERIAN CALLED THEM THE BEST TANKS IN THE WORLD...
...BUT WOULD THEY BE A MATCH FOR THE DREADED TIGER ?
KER
BLAM!
WHAM!
BLAU!
DIRECT HIT TO FRONTAL PLATE. BUT WE'RE STILL IN ACTION...
KER
BLAM!

THE LAST RUSSIAN TANK IN DESPERATION TRIES TO OUTMANEUVER THE TIGER...
BLAM!
BLAU!
МАРШАЛ НОННАК
ДЕВОЛОЧКОННА МОНЕ
BA-ROOM!
...BUT, TO NO AVAIL.
THREE RUINED TANKS, TWELVE DEAD MEN, MEIN BEILEID! BUT BETTER THEM THAN US.
THAT VILLAGE AHEAD... I'LL NOT LOSE SLEEP OVER IT'S DESTRUCTION. IT'S NOT A GERMAN VILLAGE.
142
Hummm... WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
HA! EIN KLEINES MADCHEN!

WHAT ABOUT HER, OBERLEUTNANT? DO YOU NOT PITY THE INNOCENT ONES? THE HELPLESS ONES?
PITY, BORSIG? NO. I AM SIMPLY INDIFFERENT.
WAS HABER SIE IN DER HAND??!!
MEIN GOTT! ONE OF OUR OWN MAGNETIC GRENADES!
...WILBERG! QUICKLY! BACK UP! SCHNELL! SCHNELL!
BLAM

HOT GASES AND FLAMES SPRAY INTO THE TANK, KILLING THE DRIVER AND BOW GUNNER.
Ohhh... MY LEGS...
42
LOS! LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE THE AMMUNITION CATCHES FIRE! SICH RETTEN!
GIB ACHT! THE PANZER IS STILL BACKING UP!
uuhhnn!
AAAHHHGGGG!!
RUSSIAN INFANTRY! GOT TO GET AWAY!
BRRRIIIP!
BRRRRIIP
BWEEE
SPAT!

GOT TO GET OUT... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, DEVIL CHILD ?
MY LEGS ! THEY ARE PINNED IN BY THE GUN MOUNT...
NEIN ! THE FLAMES HAVE REACHED THE TURRET !
FROOOM !
SOMEONE !! ANYONE !! HELP ME ! HAVE PITY ! I BEG YOU !
EEEAAUUGG ! UM GOTTES WILLEN ! SOMEONE KILL ME ! PLEASE !!
WHAT THE HAMMER ? WHAT THE CHAIN ? IN WHAT FURNACE WAS THY BRAIN ? WHAT THE ANVIL ? WHAT DREAD GRASP DARE ITS DEADLY TERROR CLASP ? WHEN THE STARS THREW DOWN THEIR SPEARS, AND WATERED HEAVEN WITH THEIR TEARS, DID HE SMILE HIS WORK TO SEE ...
... DID HE WHO MADE THE LAMB MAKE THEE ?
-William Blake
The End

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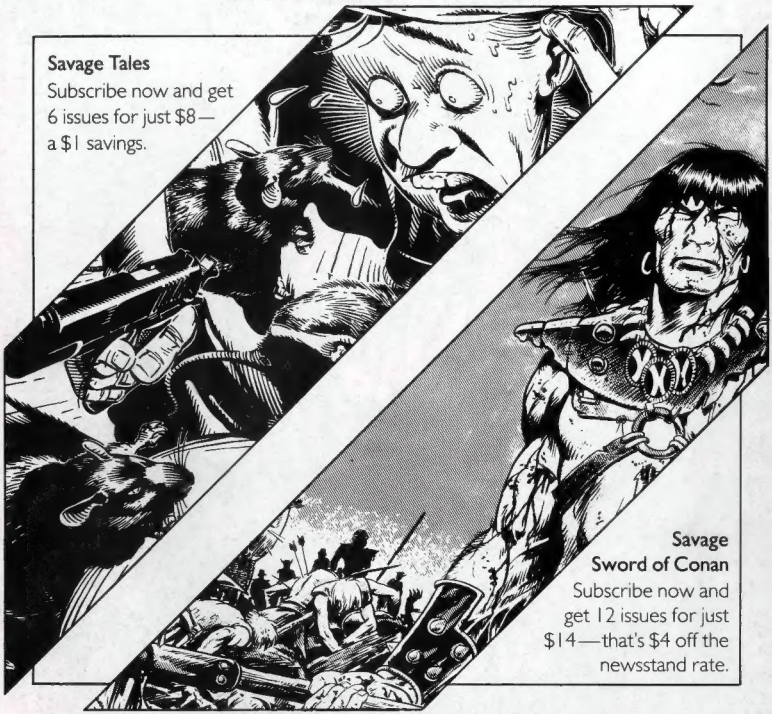
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